# KEZIAH JONES'S APPLE BEE.

BY NOADIAH BUCKTHORN, M. D.

## PART I.

It was a mild day in the latter part of November —a day which properly belonged to Indian Summer: for some reason it was not forthcoming at that season; so it claimed and received a place just as autumn was about to hand over his books to the "ruler of the inverted year."

"Mr. Gulic," said Mrs. Jones, standing in the kitchen doorway, and looking towards the hired man who was taking up the last cabbage in the garden, "Mr. Gulic," said Mrs. Jones, elevating her voice so that it might overcome the obstacle presented by eight rods intervening space, "I want you to do an errand for me this morning; I want you to go to Mr. Hall's for me."

Mr. Gulic gave intimation by a nod that he comprehended the nature of her wants, and proceeded to finish his work, saying:—

"I knew something out of the common line was wanting as soon as I heard the *Mister*. It is *Ben*, at other times. I have no objection to going over to Hall's—none whatever, especially since Becky is at home." He accordingly went to Mrs. Jones and received his instructions.

This said Mr. Benjamin Franklin Gulic was a tall, heavy-built Yankee, about twenty years old, who had made good use of his eyes as well as his teeth during the greater part of that period. He worked by the year for Mr. Jones. He was the adviser, and, to a great extent, director of his employer, who had not the enterprise, self-reliance, and talent for command which characterize most of those whose republican liberties with the king's English mark them as belonging to New England.

Mr. Gulic did not move his feet rapidly—on the principle that large bodies move slowly—but he moved them a good distance at each step, and, consequently, he was ere long at Mr. Hall's door. The door was open to receive the rays of the morning sun. On the threshold lay a dog, dreaming with his eyes half open or half shut, as the reader may prefer; opposite the door, in a Windsor arm-chair tilted against the wall, sat Mr. Hall, a stout, oak-faced, gray-headed man, reading his newspaper, which he held out before him at arm's length, his spectacles being about twenty years too young for him. Mr. Gulic paused for a moment, and cast a contemplative look at the dog—perhaps he was comparing his condition with that of a hired man—then applied the knuckle of his middle finger to the door-post, producing a sound somewhat louder than that produced by the carpet hammer of the housewife, at the blow subsequent to that bestowed upon her left thumb instead of the nail head.

"Walk," said Mr. Hall, very skillfully combining a growl with an articulate sound.

"Which way?" asked Ben.

"Which way you will," said the old man, still not taking his eyes from the paper.

Ben walked in, and, having waited in vain for an invitation to be seated, he concluded to take a seat without an invitation. The chair which he selected as the instrument for carrying his conclusion into effect gave way under the pressure of the "too solid flesh," and the law of gravitation, operating with democratic impartiality, drew him towards the centre of the earth till the strong maple floor arrested his progress. The crash and the catastrophe did not divert the old man's attention from his paper. Ben amused himself by putting the parts of the demolished chair in place, or, to use his own expression, "by setting the trap for somebody else." He had ample time for this, and also for tracing the journey of a wasp on the wall, before Mr. Hall folded his paper, raised his spectacles on his forehead, and uttered, in a slightly interrogative tone, the words—

"Folks well?"

"They was well when I came here: I should think it likely that they are sick by this time."

A slight movement about the corners of Mr. Hall's mouth showed that a smile was hovering in the vicinity. It came as near lighting on his lips as he usually permitted one to come.

"Miss Jones sent me to borrow some things for the apple-bee."

"What is an apple-bee?"

"It is somewhere about half way between a honey-bee and a bumble-bee."

Mr. Hall was accustomed to affect great ignorance of all things pertaining to youthful sports and merry-makings: veritable tradition, however, related that he was famous in his young days for exploits in that line; hence Mr. Gulic thought he gave him "such an answer as he deserved." Probably he thought so himself; for another smile made signals, but did not fairly heave in sight.

"I s'pose I can have the things?" said Ben.

"What things?"

"All your empty tin pans."

"They've got milk in them."

"I should like to see one of your empty tin pans with milk in. It would be about as curious as your way of welcoming a neighbor."

"Who is going to be there?"

"Everybody and some others, and I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Hall were to be there: but give me the pans, or they 'll have a coroner's jury together on my account."

Mr. Hall went to the stairs leading to the cellar, and said, "Mamma, you 're wanted."

"I can't leave the kettle; who wants me?"

"Miss Jones wants to borrow your tin pans"

"She can have them."

"Where are they?"

"I know where they are," said Ben; "they stand leaning against the south side of the house like a line of opposition suns." So saying, he proceeded at once to the locality, and, gathering up the shining utensils, he was moving towards home, when a slight *hem* from behind a sheet hung on a clothes-line, caused him to stop. Behind said sheet stood Miss Rebecca Sabina Hall, usually called Becky. She appeared to be busy with the clothes-pins, which, however, did not seem to need any attention. That she was standing there for the express purpose of exchanging words with Ben, we would by no means affirm; but the fact was she did exchange certain words with him, as will appear perfectly evident when we proceed with the narrative.

"Did you wash all these clothes?" said Ben, pointing to the array of shirts, sheets, and various articles mentionable and unmentionable which hung on the lines extending from tree to tree, and from post to post, and from fence to fence.

"I did," was the calm reply of the *capable* female.

"They are done first rate—come over early, won't you?"

"Who are coming?"

"Everybody."

"Did Miss Ogden say she would come?"

"Yes."

"Are Mr. Green's folks coming?"

"They are gone away, you know."

"O, yes, so they are. I don't like to go where there are so many."

"The more the merrier. All the young folks will be there; Foster is going to shut up store and come."

"It is no matter whether he comes or not. I suppose I must come or give offence."

"Don't forget to come early."

He then went his way, saying to himself, "You will be fierce enough to go, now that you know that the white-fingered merchant is to be there—he is not a merchant; nothing but a clerk. If I do work out by the year, I 'll have more money at the end of the year than he will have. Take him, if you want him. I ask no favors of you."

Now Mr. Benjamin Franklin Gulic was a man of truth and veracity in all his statements made to others: his statements made to himself, especially when they related to Becky, could not be depended upon; in fact, they were often the very reverse of truth; they were so in the present case. He did ask most earnestly the favor of her affections, and a life-interest in her person. How it was that he could speak the truth so conscientiously to others, and lie so egregiously to himself, we shall not attempt to explain. It is our business, as historians, to furnish facts for the philosophers to work up into systems.

We will now give some account of preparations strictly appertaining to the home department.

Mrs. Jones was in favor of having the Bee in the kitchen, and brought forward many weighty arguments in support of her position. But the result proves that there is no arguing against facts. The fact was that Miss Ellen Ogden—who had spent several months in an incorporated city, and had thus become the arbitress of gentility to the village—had, at the last gathering at her house, not only occupied the "front room," but actually fastened the door leading from said front room to the kitchen. It was not opened even to admit the bearer of sundries for the refreshment of the visitors. He was, therefore, obliged to go round to the front door. On his way there, bearing a large waiter heavily laden with crockery, glass, cake, and sweetmeats, he walked into an external cellar-way, making a descent of about six feet in a single step. There was a crash of crockery, and a loud utterance of some very unnecessary and inharmonious expletives, and a still louder peal of laughter from old Mr. Ogden, who sat in the kitchen chimney corner. The old gentleman was no friend to genteel innovations.

Miss Ellen Ogden's example was, therefore, conclusive against having the young folks in the kitchen. They must occupy the "front room." The room must, therefore, be prepared; and, as the evening would doubtless be cool, it was necessary to have a fire lighted there.

The fire was lighted about the middle of the afternoon; but the smoke manifested a very unaccommodating, and in fact quite a rebellious, spirit. Instead of ascending the chimney, it pursued an opposite course. It most irreverently took possession of all parts of the room, and rolled itself up in folds near the ceiling, as if to get out of Keziah's reach.

Some very combustible materials were then procured, and a blaze was produced, in the hope that it would prove more tractable. Alas! it caught the spirit and followed the example of the smoke, and with increased energy and insolence. Its first act was to fly into Keziah's face, as she was kneeling on the hearth kindly fanning it into existence. It then reached its forky tongue almost to the middle of the room, and then curled it over the mantel-piece to the great peril of a curiously-wrought paper basket, the visible proof of Keziah's attendance at a select school. It then seemed smitten with a sudden impulse to examine the chimney; whereupon the chimney took fire, to the infinite terror of Mrs. Jones, who was sure the house would be burnt, with all things animate and inanimate thereunto appertaining. To make sure of saving something, she seized a heavy iron kettle filled with water, and carried it so far from the house that it would not be likely to be set on fire by the falling sparks.

As soon as the chimney was fairly on fire, both the flame and the smoke seemed to think all the fun lay in that direction. They accordingly went up the chimney as steadily as if they had never gone anywhere else. The smoke in the room, receiving no reinforcement, stole quietly out of the open door, and disappeared as quickly as possible.

The room was then put in order; a table was placed in the centre, and all the chairs in the house, except one for Mr. Jones, were ranged close to each other around the walls of the room.

By "early candle-light" about twenty girls were assembled. They were as talkative as it may be supposed twenty girls, in a room without their mothers or men, would be. "Why don't the gentlemen come?" was asked mentally by more than one. At length footsteps were heard approaching. The girls who happened to be standing took their seats. All the chairs on the side of the room opposite the door were, in a moment, filled with maidens as demure, for the time being, as the most precise could desire. Suddenly there was a loud stamping on the door-step, a very energetic mode of divesting one's boots of snow or dust, preparatory to an entrance. The stamping, and the faint knock which succeeded, were followed within by a most profound silence, which was broken only by the suspirations of one whose ideal beauty of form was manifestly either the hour-glass or the wasp. Keziah opened the door, and the young gentlemen found themselves in full view of an unbroken line of silent beauty, in the face of which they were expected to advance. They faltered—each pressed his neighbor to go forward. No little confusion was apparent. Among other truths then and there illustrated, was the important one that geometry cannot claim a monopoly of angles. After some delay, an entrance was effected. The chairs opposite the girls were secured. The door was left open. No one seemed disposed to risk the loss of his post by rising to close it. Some of the ladies wore short sleeves, that is, had bare arms—the monumental alabaster smoothness of which was seriously affected by the ingress of the cold evening air. A daring fellow at length arose and closed the door.

Along the lines thus formed there was a silence as deep and almost as expressive as that which sometimes precedes a battle. After a while, there were some whisperings on the part of the girls, and a suppressed giggle; but the young men preserved a profound silence and a most praiseworthy gravity. The seats seemed somewhat harder than those to which they had been accustomed; and it was pretty plain that most of them wished they had left their hands at home.

A rap, as with a walking-stick, was heard at the door. "That is Mr. Foster," whispered one. Miss Becky blushed at the sound either of the knock or the name. Keziah opened the door, and Mr. Benjamin F. Gulic stood before her, dressed in his best. He walked in with as much dignity as if he had come from California instead of the chamber over the kitchen. He sat down, and, for a moment, imitated the gravity of his peers. He then turned to the most solemn one present, and asked him what was the state of the moonshine. No answer was given; but the question greatly lightened the pressure of the constraint under which all present labored. Conversation began, at first, indeed, in whispers, but soon several spoke out loud.

"I was under the impression," said Mr. G., "that this was to be an Apple-Bee, but I don't see the apples."

"Bring them on," said one of the boldest; "let us have something to do."

Ben and Keziah then brought a corn basket full of apples, which were placed on the table. A tin pan was given to each damsel. The young men then distributed the apples, and the work of paring began. As there were no pans for the gentlemen, it was necessary for each one to sit beside a lady, and drop his parings into the pan, which held a place of greater or less security upon her lap. A better contrivance for a *tête-â-tête* was never devised.

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## PART II.

Mr. Benjamin Gulic had managed to secure a seat by the side of Miss Rebecca Sabina Hall, and was paring with great skill and rapidity, letting the parings fall into the pan, which was in or rather on the fair one's lap. This of course rendered it necessary that he should sit very near her.

"When are Mr. Foster's folks coming home?" said Becky.

"Can't say," was Benjamin's laconic reply.

"Do they trade a good deal at their store?"

"Can't say."

"I should not think it would do to shut up the store."

Mr. Benjamin Gulic did not see fit to intimate whether he did or did not agree with her in opinion. He saw that her mind was running on Mr. Foster, the popular clerk; that she was speculating on the probabilities of his coming to the Bee.

"How thick you pare your apples!" exclaimed Becky. "Keziah, Mr. Gulic is paring your apples all away!"

Keziah was too much occupied with her partner to heed the remark.

"Get somebody to pare with you who can suit you better," said Ben, in a low voice. He then rose and left the room, under the pretence of procuring a fresh supply of apples. He walked forth and took a survey of the stars, though not usually given to astronomical speculations. "That girl," said he to himself confidentially, "that girl," we do not quote his words accurately, for we wish to make them a little more complimentary to the lady than they really were, "wants to know why that soft-handed and soft-headed clerk isn't here. She may have him, and see if tape and molasses will keep her in as good case as the northern farm would."

The northern farm was expected to come into Mr. Benjamin F. Gulic's possession in the spring. Like a sensible man, he was desirous of finding some one whom it might be made over to with him "jointly."

"I 'll let her alone," said Benjamin to himself; and, fearing lest his ear should fail to catch the remark, he repeated it several times with great distinctness. Having thus finished his communications to himself, he seized a basket of apples, and returned to the scene of operations. In placing it on the table, which we have already said was in the centre of the room, the table was overthrown. This caused the overthrow of several girls with tin pans full of apples in their laps. Table, pans, girls, and apples were thus mingled in sweet confusion on the floor, while shrieks of affected terror and shouts of unaffected laughter filled the house, and brought Mr. Jones to the door of the apartment. A grim smile was upon his lips as he surveyed the scene, and a profound silence followed his appearance.

Ben picked up the table, the young men picked up the girls, and the girls picked up the pans, and the girls and young men together picked up the apples, during which operation many heads were accidentally brought in contact, and, what was very remarkable, it was invariably a male and female head that came in contact. It must have been something in the combs.

A more definite and satisfactory account of the cause of the overthrow of the table can be given. During Mr. Gulic's absence, Mr. Foster entered and seated himself in the chair left vacant by the side of Miss Becky. The sight of him in that place had no tendency to compose Mr. Gulic's nerves and to increase his physical strength, while it had a tendency to increase both the gravity of the apples and of his countenance. Accordingly, when the basket was set on the table, it overthrew it.

When order was restored, paring was resumed. Mr. Foster retained his seat by Miss Becky, and, with a silver knife, daintily proceeded in the work; he was evidently afraid of soiling his hands. Benjamin took his place by the side of a very quiet girl who was always behind somebody. It was plain that he was not pleased with the exchange of seats and of partners. He did not sit so near Miss Mills as he did to Miss Becky. He pared slowly, silently, and *thickly*.

But, however great may have been his loss, it was counterbalanced by Miss Becky's gain. She was manifestly delighted with the exchange. She talked and laughed very loudly, though her partner's ideas of gentility led him to speak in a tone little elevated above a whisper. This was both pleasant and painful to Miss Becky. It was pleasant as indicative of confidential communications: painful, as it made his complimentary remarks inaudible to the company She was driven to the necessity of asking him, in a tone adapted to set ears a listening, "What did you say?" and again to repeat some of his remarks with a large exclamation point after them. By this means she managed to convey to Ben and to others "what was going on between them."

Ben at length determined, as a means of self-defence, or of retaliation, to appear to enjoy his position. As a preliminary, he brought his chair nearer to that of Miss Mills, and leaned over further, so that his parings might fall nearer the centre of the pan. He put forth his best skill in paring, and made a few general observations, which were replied to in a very sweet tone of voice. Ere long they found themselves talking sense, as he afterwards said—a fact that evidently throws the date of our history somewhat into the past. He began to feel better satisfied with the exchange he had made, and was stimulated to carry on two somewhat distinct trains of thought—the one necessary to the conversation with Miss Mills, the other relating to a comparison of her qualities, personal, mental, and social, with those of Miss Becky. The latter led himself occasionally to make irrelevant replies to Miss Mills' remarks.

By ten o'clock, so busily had both male and female fingers been employed, the apples were finished and set aside, the table restored to its usual place, and it was proposed to proceed to play—not cards, city reader, but several exceedingly exciting and innocent games which you know nothing about. Several were proposed, but they were all objected to by Miss Sophia Stebbins, who had been one quarter at a boarding-school, for which (extras included) her father had paid $25 50, as not sufficiently intellectual. This threw quite a shade over the prospect; for the Yankee, as is well known, is a logical animal, and it is more than suspected that the intellectual and the logical are nearly allied. If a thing is not intellectual, it is not logical, and if it is not logical it is not to be done. The Yankee prefers the logical to everything—except money.

Miss Sophia was asked to name a play. She remarked, in reply, that her taste was no rule for others—she was peculiar. Miss Benson (the mistress of the boarding-school) thought her remarkably peculiar. She must confess she should prefer some literary conversation to anything else.

"So should I," said Mr. Gulic, gravely. "If I knew where to find it, I would go and get a basket full."

This remark made Miss Sophia's face very red, and all the rest of the company very good natured. It was followed by an explosion of laughter, which was followed by sundry plays in which the intellectual young lady gradually became more and more interested. Finally it was voted *nem. con.* to have a game of hide-and-seek. The hiding and the hunting were in couples. Miss Becky and Mr. Foster were together, and so were Miss Mills and Mr. Gulic. Mr. Gulic had two things to attend to. One was to secure a good hiding-place for himself and partner, and the other to observe that of Miss Becky and Mr. Foster. The latter took possession of a small pantry, which was known in Mr. Jones's

establishment by the name of pie-pantry. They remained in it for some time—until, overhearing the expressed purpose of the seekers to search it, they stole out, and entered silently an apartment which had already been examined. Mr. Gulic, shrewdly suspecting that they would return to the pie-pantry, entered it, and placed in the only chair it contained a pumpkin pie, which was made not in an ordinary *tin*, but in an earthen vessel which formed the section of a sphere. The depth of the pumpkin was an inch and a half in the centre, from which point it shoaled gradually to the circumference. As Mr. Gulick had foreseen, Becky and her companion re-entered the pantry. A shriek was soon heard, which caused Ben to seize a candle, and rush to see what was the matter, or, rather, to speak with strict accuracy, to let others see. The demolished pie, and Miss Becky's soiled dress, revealed the cause of the outcry. For a moment there was a contest between a feeling of sympathy for the poor girl's discomfiture, and a sense of the ludicrous; the latter prevailed, though, to their credit it must be spoken. Sundry of the girls were taken with sudden fits of coughing, and others were seized with an insatiable desire for water, which led them to go in search of it in divers very improbable places. Miss Becky at once set out for home; she was attended by Mr. Foster—a partial recompense for her mishap.

An animated discussion of the question, "How came the pie in the chair?" took place. Mr. Gulic took no part in it. Some one suggested that it was placed there when taken from the oven, and its weight was in the way of elevating it to a shelf. As no better explanation was offered, it was accepted, just as the larger portion of our historical facts are.

After this interlude, the game of hide-and-seek was renewed with increased vigor. Miss Stebbins, with the magnanimity becoming a superior mind, condescended to engage in it heartily. In the course of this second game, Mr. Gulic and Miss Mills concealed themselves in a *clothes-press*. If the reader is a Yankee, he knows what that term means; and if he is not, here is proof positive that he knows less than a Yankee. Ben and his partner concealed themselves in a *clothes-press*, and, of course, were in total darkness, and in very close contact. Ben felt a great fluttering, and was on the point of asking what it was, when he found that it was the poor girl's heart. It occurred to him that it was very doubtful whether Becky had any heart to flutter. Many thoughts rushed through his brain while he was in that press, pressed close to the side of Mary Mills. She was slimmer and handsomer than Becky; had a softer voice and a milder eye; she did not pretend to live without work; everybody said she was not proud; and yet she was always as neat as a pink. What a fool he had been that he had not thought of her before! How grateful she looked when he brought those early apples to her sick mother! How good she looked when she watched day and night by Mrs. Allcut's sick child!

"All found but Ben and Mary," said a loud voice; "where are they?" Ben drew a little nearer to Mary, whose heart fluttered still worse. She made a slight effort to move a little from him, but as she was firmly planted against the wall, which did not give way, the effort was not successful.

"I won't hurt you," whispered Ben; "you are the last being in the world I would hurt."

Whether Mary lacked confidence in his veracity, I cannot say; but she made another effort to get further off, which resulted (as such womanly efforts often do) in a closer contact.

"They are in the clothes-press," said the voice above alluded to. "They are not up stairs, and they are not down cellar, nor in the long room, nor pantry, nor anywhere else, and so they must be here." It was at length suggested to the seeker, who remained at the door of the press, that he should examine the premises in question, and thus test the truth of his reasonings, which suggestion he proceeded to act upon. As he was entering, Miss Mills made an effort to pass out, and as Ben made an effort to detain her till they were fairly discovered, there was a struggle, during which Mary's cheek came very near Ben's face. In considering the matter at a subsequent period, when he was cool, and consequently his judgment unbiased, he remarked to himself, confidentially of course, "It is reasonable to suppose that, under the circumstances of the case, I must have kissed her—indeed I have very little doubt about it—in fact, I remember it distinctly."

There is always some considerable excitement connected with the breaking up of a party like the one under consideration. There is always some embarrassment among the rustic gentlemen when bonnet and shawl time comes. He who can walk up boldly to a lady, and proffer his services to see her home, is regarded with envy. Now Miss Mary Mills, as I have said, was always behind some body, and, of course, she would not be one of the first to receive an offer of attendance home. It happened, on this occasion, that she was the last one accessible, and that Ben was left to go with her. It was with more than ordinary embarrassment that he offered her his arm, and, though she accepted it, she kept at a very respectful distance from him as they walked along towards her mother's humble dwelling. Ben felt that he had a great deal that he wanted to say to her, but did not know what to begin with. He thought of saying "the moon is most down;" but, as they were walking towards the west, it was to be presumed that she was already as well convinced of that fact as she would be after his most solemn assertion He thought of many other things, but in every case some valid objection presented itself, so that, though they had half a mile to walk, they reached the door stone before a word was spoken. Ben began to grow desperate, and at length succeeded in asking, in by no means a musical tone, "Shall you be at home to-morrow evening?"

"No, I am going away to-morrow," said she, in a voice so sweet and plaintive that a mist gathered over Ben's eyes.

"Where to?" said he, too much interested in the matter to pay much attention to the manner of his phrase.

"To Western New York."

"How long are you going to stay?"

"Till next spring."

"What for?"

"To teach school. My mother's health is too feeble to work as she does. I am offered as much as we can both make by our needles here. She is to board this winter, and not take in any work, but take care of her health."

"Don't go."

"I must."

"You must not—I—I—" There is no telling what Ben might have said, if the door had not opened, and Mrs. Mills had not appeared.

"Good night," said Mary.

"Good night," said Ben; and he went home to pass a sleepless night.

The next morning he went early to Mrs. Mills, under pretence of purchasing her corn.

"Why did you not tell me sooner that you were going?" said he to Mary.

"I told you as soon as it came natural for me to do so. I did not suppose you felt any particular interest in my movements."

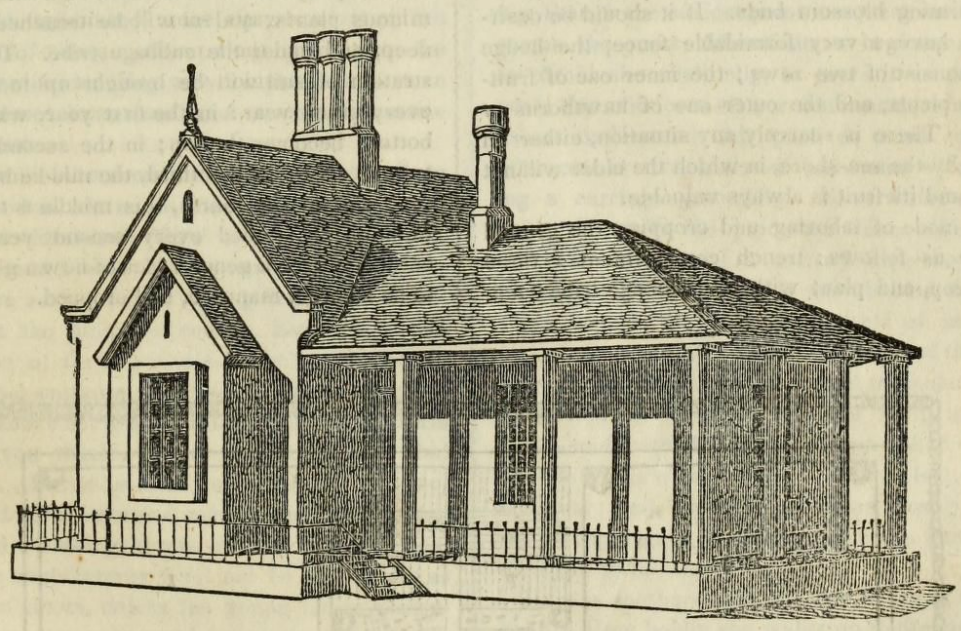
"But I do, and I can't bear to have you go"—and a tear broke out of bounds and ran across his cheek.

"The stage has come," said Mrs. Mills.

"Good-by, mother," giving her a fervent embrace. "Good-by, Mr. Gulic," extending her hand.

Ben walked by her side to the stage, saying, on the way, "Take care of yourself, and don't feel uneasy about your mother. I will take as good care of her as if she were my own mother." Mary gave him a look of thanks, which, as he afterwards said, he got framed and hung up in his memory. He kept his promise in regard to Mrs. Mills. Perhaps he made her write to her daughter a little more frequently than was perfectly convenient; but the accounts of his fidelity to his promise, which the letters contained, prepared Mary, on her return in the spring, to consent to his having a legal right to call Mrs. Mills mother—a right which he assumed in advance. Early in April they *jointly* took possession of the Northern farm.

## MODEL COTTAGE.



### *A Dwelling for a Small Family.*

*Accommodation.*—Here, Fig. 2, we have a colonnade, which serves as a porch; a vestibule, *a*; a parlor, *b*; a kitchen, with a stair to two bedrooms in the roof, *c*; a bedroom on the ground floor, *d*; a pantry, *e*; two closets, *f*, *g*; and water-closet, or pantry, *h*. The two bedrooms over *c* and *d* may be lighted by dormer windows, and by the small opening seen in the upper part of the gable end.

*Construction.* — The platform on which this dwelling is built is sustained by masonry, which, on three sides, supports the columns of the veranda or colonnade. These columns may either be of stone, of brick, stuccoed, or of timber; in either case, set on stone plinths, and with stone caps. The roof should be slated, with large courses at the gable ends, terminating in pinnacles. The chimney tops are plain, like the columns.

The *garden*, Fig. 3, containing about three-fourths of an acre, is here shown surrounded by a hedge. This hedge might, in many cases, be formed of